

OUR YOUNG AMERICAN DUCHESS (MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT) SETS A NEW FASHION.

All the swells and howling swells are beginning again to talk hockey—hockey on wheels—viz., the bicycle. Out at Tuxedo they have begun the sport in good earnest and will keep it up till the first freeze comes; then it will be hockey on ice. But hockey, hockey it will be at all the country places up the Hudson and down on Long Island, till the ice melts.

It's all due to Consuelo—the little Consuelo, now the big Duchess of Marlborough. This vigorous and exhilarating sport—hockey on the bicycle—is going to be one of the entertainments at the great house party which she and the Duke are going to give their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, at the end of this month, and to keep pace with the game in England, light hockey sticks, suitable for ladies, are already on the market here.

In England the sport—hockey on wheels (i. e., bicycles)—is in great vogue this Autumn, and no hostess would think just now of inviting a house party unless she had first seen to it that there was a supply of stout ash sticks, white India rubber balls and goal posts in some convenient closet.

One can hardly picture in his mind's eye that portly personage, the Prince of Wales, mounted on a wheel and manfully struggling to send an innocent little white ball between two goal posts, some eleven feet high, in the grounds at Blenheim. It is easy, however, to imagine the charming picture his daughter, the Princess Victoria, might make if engaged in this lively pastime, with the young Duchess herself who is to entertain her. Duchess Consuelo has developed into quite an athlete since taking up her residence in England, and there is little she cannot do in the way of cycling, golf, tennis, bowls and hockey, which is, per excellence, a Winter, or, at least, a late Autumn, sport.

So it's to be the go here, since it's the go in Britain, and the Marlboroughs have resorted to it to tickle the Prince.

Among the smart set in this country who go in for everything in the athletic line, especially if it is anything in which the bicycle forms a part, are Mrs. August Belmont, who is a devoted cyclist; Mrs. Kernochan, who divides her athletic affections between the horse and the wheel; Miss Cora Randolph, who makes a picture—she is so pretty and dresses so delightfully, no matter how athletic the sport may be—and Mrs. Jack Astor, who intends to learn hockey as soon as she has recovered her strength sufficiently to undertake such violent exercise.

At Tuxedo there are many keen lovers of sport, and a few days ago hockey on wheels was inaugurated, with such clever cyclists taking part as Mrs. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. T. Saffern Taylor, Mrs. Mortimer, Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloane—it was before the death of Mrs. Vanderbilt—Miss Mortimer Brooks, a



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH PLAYING HOCKEY ON A BIGCYCLE.

recent debutante; Hamilton Cary, Woodbury Kane and hand some young "Jimmie" Cutting.

The game proved a howling success, and in consequence hockey clubs are being formed at all the swell suburban resorts—at Lakewood, where George Gould will be one of the leading spirits; up the Hudson, down at Cedarhurst, and at Westbury, L. I., where such indefatigable sportsmen and sportswomen as Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Mortimer, Mrs. Rene La Montagne and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tiffany have invested in stout ash hockey sticks.

The way the game is managed is like this: Each player, mounted on his or her bicycle, is provided with a hockey stick, which must not exceed thirty-four inches in length nor one and one-half ounces in weight; nor must the crook be more than four inches long. By way of paraphrase, it is just as well to be posted on these little details if you intend to learn the game. It gives one an "air" to be able to discourse learnedly on the game.

The grounds must be rectangular and about 150 yards one way by 75 the other. In the centre of each end of the grounds goals, such as are used for football, are placed—posts eleven feet high, eighteen feet apart, with a cross bar ten feet from the ground.

The object of the game is to strike the ball with the hockey stick, so as to make it pass between the goal posts, under the cross bar, and touch the ground behind the goal. A line passing through the two goal posts and at right angles to a line joining the centres of the two goals is marked and called the goal line.

The players, mounted on wheels, quite in battle array, select two captains, one for each side. The leader of the side in raises the hockey stick as high as he likes and gives the ball a vigorous drive off. After that the stick can only be lifted as high as the knee, or the player pays the penalty of being "booked."

Meanwhile the players must maintain their equilibrium on their bicycles—no mean test of athletic ability; they must wheel about and in and out, and take care not to come between the base line and goal line of their opponents, unless the ball be there and in play.

It is one of the rules of the game to play on the right-hand side only; to be in such a position that one cannot lawfully strike the ball is to be on the "off side."

Fifteen is the correct number for a hockey team, as ordinarily played, but in hockey on wheels a less number take part; otherwise the game might become too wildly complicated.

The matches at Tuxedo were close ones. Mrs. Saffern Taylor's team winning by one goal.



Reginald De Koven's Chinese Party.

square holes punched in them. These are to be used for the games, which will be played during the evening.

Another feature of the entertainment will be the smoking of opium. All the guests will be initiated in the mysteries of "biting the pipe," and "dope" will be provided in quantities to suit the user, like-wise pipes and attendants.

At 12 o'clock a Chinese luncheon will be served in Chinese style. For this purpose Woh Fung, the aristocratic caterer of Pell street, has been engaged to provide the menu. He will have all his establishment at Mr. De Koven's house to-morrow night. The host and originator of the affair has arranged for the building of a Chinese kitchen in his establishment, and four of Woh Fung's Chinese cooks will manufacture the mysterious chop suey and yocki man. For this purpose emissaries of the caterer have been scouring the adjacent woods of New Jersey and Long Island for several days, gathering used and unused birds' nests, and reports have come to Woh Fung's ears of the tampering with the nests of setting hens. These nests will be used in the preparation of the delectable soup so popular with visitors to Chinatown.

The luncheon will be served on plain wooden tables, and in the regulation bowl similar to that which Li Hung Chang used during his stay in this country. No forks or knives will be allowed, and everybody will be compelled to eat with chopsticks or go without. Tea will be served in the regulation Chinese cups, and Woh Fung has assured Mr. De Koven that the whole luncheon will be as good, if not better, than the royal dinners served in his faraway home.

The whole house will be decorated in a manner befitting the occasion. One room on the second floor will be fitted out in an exact reproduction of a joss house, and joss sticks will be burned throughout the evening. Under the leadership of several prominent Chinamen the several idols of Chinese religion will be worshipped in true Chinese fashion.

During the time between the games of Chinese poker and the luncheon a lantern feast will be participated in by the guests and by the members of the Mandarin Company, who will be present and in whose honor the reception is given. The lights will be turned down and the guests will all be provided with a Chinese lantern fastened to the end of a stick, and under the leadership of persons familiar with the house a promenade will take place. This will be unique as well as beautiful, the entire assemblage marching through the darkened rooms lighted only by the decorated lanterns and singing the chorus of the Mandarin.

Mr. De Koven has engaged Professor

Fred Komp, of No. 7 East Seventeenth street, to furnish and decorate the house for the occasion. Mr. Komp will reproduce the home of Viceroy Li Hung Chang, and to this end he has procured innumerable photographs of Li's Oriental home, from which he will procure his ideas.

After the luncheon has been completed and the guests have endeavored to satisfy their appetites with the use of chop sticks and green tea, the time will be whittled away in various diversions. At intervals selections from the "Mandarin" will be given by the members of the company.

Mr. De Koven has also completed arrangements whereby the members of the leading Chinese theatrical company, now playing in Rogers street, will reproduce a few of the 300 instants of a Chinese play which portrays the visit of Li Hung Chang to America and other civilized countries.

The invitations for this unique reception were issued yesterday, and they are examples of art, considered from the Chinese standpoint. They number about three hundred, are printed on rice paper, and look like Chinese napkins to the casual observer, but upon a close examination the Chinese characters take on a form which to the initiated has some meaning.

Opposite the Chinese characters a translated version of the invitation is printed, and reads: "Reception at the Home of Li Hung Chang, Re-Gin-Ald De-Ko-Yen the great Mandarin, takes pleasure in inviting you to be present at a reception to be given at his home, on Sunday, November 23, 1896. Guests are only admitted providing they are dressed in Chinese clothing."

Mr. De Koven has composed special music for the affair, which is in rehearsal by the members of the "Mandarin" company. It is intended to close up this pleasant reception with a grand chorus in which all will participate. It is questioned whether these celestial receptions will become a vogue in this city, but it is rumored that one is now in the course of preparation.

Mr. De Koven has engaged Professor

CISSY'S WINK IS OUT OF ORDER.

Poor Cissy! She has her troubles, like all the rest of us. Life isn't all a pathway of roses for Cissy—not by any means.

Cissy is worried about her wink—that outrageous Fitzgerald wink, which has made so many a man wriggle on his seat at Koster & Bial's and wish to goodness he could get a good deal nearer to that eye.

Cissy has been very good and kind to that wink. She has cared for it as tenderly as ever a young mother did for her first baby. She has guarded it from sunshine and elnders, has gone veiled to protect it, and has assiduously kept it out of the way of canes, umbrellas and cable cars, and now the wink is playing high links with Cissy, and costing her aches, and doctor's bills, and nights of unrest.

It is naughtier, more incoercible than ever it was, but the crisis has come where Cissy is no longer mistress of it.

When Cissy Fitzgerald first came to this country she had her wink, and everybody who saw it fell to nudging his neighbor violently in the ribs. Now the wink has Cissy.

In brief, the Cissy Fitzgerald wink, which has been written about in newspapers, and in poems, even, has become chronic. Cissy used to wink her eye whenever she wanted to, and all the world heard of it. Now the eye winks Cissy, when Cissy would rather lose a week's fat salary than have it happen; when she is in ferryboats and trains, when she's looking straight at a stranger at the Horse Show. The wink is no respecter of times, places or persons. Cissy was shocked when she first discovered that the eye was winking when it was off the stage—doing some winking on its own account. In the first place it was a violation of contract, and that would never do.

But the eye wouldn't stop. She caught it winking recklessly at a most venerable old party, as she rode down Broadway one afternoon in a cab. The respectable old man was covered with confusion. So was Cissy, but the eye seemed to glory in its misbehavior. It kept winking at all sorts and conditions of people along Broadway, until finally Cissy was frightened. She stopped the cabman and told him to drive to the house of her doctor, E. C. Peck, M. D., of No. 53 West Fifth street. Just as she said it, the eye winked at the cabman, who nearly fell off his box in convulsions to see that particular sort of wink upon a fair face that looked grave and troubled.

It was no laughing matter, though, as Cissy learned when the physician had made a careful examination of the eye. The dancer went home in a very serious frame of mind, the eye winking industriously from time to time, to remind her that it

was still there. That night the news went about the theatre that Cissy Fitzgerald's wink had broken loose, and she couldn't get it back under control again.

Some said she was going to be blind.

"No," said Dr. Peck to a Sunday Journal reporter, "it isn't as bad as all that. I don't think the sight will be impaired, if proper care is taken. But there is a possibility of a great deal of trouble. The wink, which has become really a stage property of Miss Fitzgerald, involves an extraordinary tension of what are known as the orbicular muscles, which surround the eye, and which are used in an exaggerated or tight closing of the eye.

"As a part of her stage performance she has made constant use of the wink, and the same thing has happened which happens or is apt to happen to any set of muscles or nerves that are subjected to a constant over-tension. The nerves of these 'wheel muscles,' as they are called, have become over-irritated, and automatic convulsive action set up in them.

"I am treating the eye now with electricity from a Farad battery, two applications a day. One electrode is placed at the base of the brain, the other kept coursing over the orbicular muscles. Already the wink is beginning to show signs of improvement. It is not nearly so bad as it was when I was first asked to treat it.

"I don't know what I'm going to do about it," said Cissy to a Journal reporter. "The doctor says I must give the eye a rest, and wink with the right one, don't you know? He tells me I can wink with the right one just as well, but that doesn't seem natural. My left eye is my winking eye, and now I don't have to wink it at all. It winks itself, I think when I really don't mean to. It seems to me as though people could tell the difference when I don't mean to wink from when I do, but they say it all looks just the same to them. Only I try so hard to keep from winking sometimes that it makes my eye ache. Oh, my eye! as they say in England."

What and How

Royalty Smokes.



Among the many sympathies that the Emperor of Russia may be said to possess in common with the President of the French Republic is his fondness for a pipe.

Like M. Felix Faure, the Czar is never so happy as when smoking a briarwood of the curved "cutty" order, which the autocrat of all the Russias infinitely prefers to the cigarettes which he smokes in public. There is a sort of fellow feeling between people who smoke pipes, which seem, somehow or another, far more than either cigar, cigarette, chewing tobacco or even snuff to inspire sentiments of mutual confidence, and it may safely be taken for granted that the destinies of those two great nations, namely Russia and France, will not have suffered in any respect for having been discussed over the quiet smoke of two honest English briarwood pipes.

For, curiously enough, both the President and the Emperor acquired their taste for this particular form of smoking in Great Britain, M. Faure, when living there in connection with his hide business, thirty years ago, and young Nicholas, during the four months that he spent at Maidenhead and at Windsor, quietly courting the Princess who is now his Empress.

Another devotee of the briarwood pipe is King Leopold of Belgium, and the pagoda of the bronze elephant that stands on the mantelpiece of his sanctum at Laeken is filled regularly every morning with a fragrant mixture of the finest English birdseye and honey dew.

The most trusted confidant of the thoughts of the Duke of York, as well as his oldest friend, is a very grimy and badly burned briarwood pipe of the "cutty" order of architecture, which he has had in his possession ever since his midshipmance days, when it used to be smoked surreptitiously. His father, the Prince of Wales, prefers strong and powerful cigars, which cost half a guinea, or about \$5 apiece, which are especially made for him at Havana, and presented to him by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild in lots of 10,000 at a time, being kept in beautifully carved Oriental wood cabinets, specially devised for the purpose.

The Emperor of Austria, who is a great smoker, restricts himself to those awful so-called "Virginia" cigars, which are manufactured of the rankest tobacco at Trieste, and have a straw running right through the middle of them, in order to enable them to draw. They are so green and damp that they have to be held in the flame of a lighted candle for several minutes before they are persuaded to ignite.

King Humbert, of Italy, is addicted to identically the same kind of weed, which costs about a cent apiece and of which he receives every New Year a case of 10,000 from his Imperial ally at Vienna.

The late Emperor Frederick was de-

voted to his pipe, one of those porcelain-bowled German arrangements, and never looked more genial and kindly than when he had it dangling from his lips. Old King Albert, of Saxony, and his brother George, paladins both of them of the Franco-German war of 1870, take after Emperor Frederick in this respect, while his son, the present Emperor, although smoking an occasional cigar, usually confines himself to cigarettes, of which he smokes a most inordinate quantity.

Archduke Joseph, of Austria, whose daughter has just married the Duke of Orleans, and who is the head of the Magyar branch of the House of Hapsburg, is the only living member of his family who may occasionally be seen smoking one of those cherrywood pipes that are so common among the Austrian and Hungarian peasantry, and it may be added that the ill-fated Crown Prince Rudolph, as well as the late Archduke Albert, Generalissimo of the Austro-Hungarian army, used to prefer this form of smoking to any other.

King Oscar, of Sweden, Prince Waldemar, of Denmark, and the sons of the King of Greece all of them affect pipes, having probably contracted the taste for the latter during the course of their naval training. The Kings of Wurtemberg, Denmark and Greece habitually smoke cigars, as does the King of Portugal, while it may be stated in conclusion that young Alfonso of Spain is restricted to a limited consumption of cigars and cigarettes, made not of tobacco, but of chocolate.

THE DEADLY STAMP.

Postage Stamp Tongue Is a New Disease Discovered by English Physicians.

One of the newest diseases is the postage stamp tongue. The credit of discovering it is due to English physicians. It appears that the mucilage itself is injurious, and that, further, it is an excellent cultivating medium for germs of the worst character. In the almost called postage stamp tongue the latter is sore and covered with red spots. A bad sore throat is likely to follow if great care is not taken. Apart from the specific disease of the tongue, any contagious disease may be acquired through the medium of the mucilage. Never lick a postage stamp with your tongue, say the physicians. It shows a great lack of cleanliness and hygienic knowledge.

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Cissy Fitzgerald's Damaged "Wink Muscles."